

RED TAPE COSTS POSTAL VETERAN EIGHT MONTHS' PAY

Crow, at 65, Also Loses His Pension for Nearly Two Years.

33 YEARS IN SERVICE.

Change of Mind by Superiors Causes Clerk to Work Without Salary.

Inability of Post Office officials to untangle the red tape surrounding pension rulings has resulted in a sixty-five-year-old clerk here being compelled to work eight months without salary and to lose pension payments for nearly two years.

In an order received from Washington Gardner, Commissioner Bureau of Pensions, Department of the Interior, Andrew N. Crow, No. 974 Anderson Avenue, the Bronx, for thirty-three years a special clerk in the New York Post Office, learned that errors of his superior officers enabled him to earn \$1,227.84 to which he was not entitled—although he had worked for it—and by virtue of having received this amount in wages he has forfeited his right to receive a pension until February, 1923.

The mixup, with resulting hardships to the aged Government employee, was due to conflicting rulings issued from Washington on the subject of pensions. In February, 1920, Mr. Crow became 65 years of age. In August of that year a new law became effective retiring postal employees at the age of 65 on pensions not to exceed \$60 a month. But instead of being retired Mr. Crow was continued in service on the theory that his class of work was included in an exemption permitting employment to the age of 70.

From August, 1920, until April, 1921, Mr. Crow continued his duties at the Post Office here on his salary of \$1,300 a year, being paid for that period \$1,227.84. At that time, on orders from Washington, he was ordered retired.

Mr. Crow forwarded his retirement certificate to Washington and has received the following reply: "You will find herewith annuity certificate R-6643, providing for a retirement annuity of \$720, payable in monthly installments, to commence April 21, 1921. In connection with this certificate you are advised that the First Assistant Postmaster General reports, under a recent date, that you were erroneously continued in the service from Aug. 21, 1920, to April 20, 1921, inclusive, and that you were paid for that period the sum of \$1,227.84."

"The Comptroller of the Treasury in the decision rendered Dec. 8, 1920, holds that the amount of the illegal payment must be held in suspension from the annuity allowance, pending proper adjustment of the accounts of the disbursing officer who made the payment, by the auditor for the Post Office Department."

"There will be nothing due you on this certificate until February, 1923, when you will receive a check for \$12.15." This was signed, "Washington Gardner, Commissioner (Bureau of Pensions, Department of the Interior)."

At the office of Postmaster Patten, it was said that information and comment on the Crow case must come from the First Assistant Postmaster General at Washington.

Postmaster Must Pay U. S. if Crow Dies Before February, 1923.

(Special to The Evening World.)
WASHINGTON, June 10.—Records in the Post Office Department show that Andrew N. Crow continued at work, and was continued at work, by Postmaster Patten, in strict accordance with orders from the First Assistant Postmaster General. Now, it is said, if Crow or others in the same predicament should die before the delayed pensions equalled the wages paid, Postmaster Patten or his bondsmen would be called on to make good. Senator William M. Calder has tried to unravel the tangle, but has found it almost a hopeless task.

TENANT STAYS, CAT MUST GO

Jury So Decided in Case of Brizzoni, Sued as Objectionable.

The cat must go, but Brizzoni may stay, a jury decided in the Lee Avenue Court, Brooklyn, in an action brought by William W. Davies against John Brizzoni, a tenant of No. 351 Broadway, that borough. Davies sought to dispossess Brizzoni on the ground that he was objectionable.

Miss Amy Wren, No. 215 Montague Street, appearing for Davies, told the jury that Brizzoni, besides making a great deal of noise, had a cat that added to the discomfort of the other tenants.

He had recommended that Brizzoni get rid of the cat. He said he would.

Brizzoni, Church Treasurer, Pleads Guilty of Theft.

Shubel K. Brizzoni, former Treasurer of the First Reformed Church of New Brunswick, N. J., pleaded guilty to a charge of embezzlement today before County Judge Peter F. Daly. Assistant Prosecutor John E. Poolan read a confession signed yesterday by Brizzoni, admitting that on April 15, while Treasurer of the church, he embezzled and converted to his own use six Liberty bonds now worth \$5,200. He will be sentenced Friday.

City's Champion Native-Born 'Biggest Family,' 16 Children, Wins The Evening World Prize



MARIA - GIUSEPPE ROSA - ANGELINA - ANTONETTA - LUCIA - GIOVANINA - NICOLO
GIOVANNI - MICHELE MRS. VINCENZA ZACCARIA - DOMENICO ZACCARIA (HOLDING NUNZIATA)
ROCCO - VINCENZO - ELENA - JOACONINO - TERESA

FORGIVE ME, GIRL WHO KILLED SELF WROTE TO MOTHER

Parents Separated, Claire Mundy Left Her to Live With Her Father.

A letter written to her mother by Claire Mundy, fifteen years old, found dead by poison yesterday at the home of her cousin in South Amboy, was made public today by the prosecutor's office. The girl had left her mother in Franklin Park, N. J., to live with her father, after the parents had separated six weeks ago. Her sister, Charlotte, seventeen years old, had remained with the mother. The letter follows:

"Oh, mother dear, I am so sorry that I went away. May I, dear mother, come back to you and Charlotte again? I know that you feel bitter against me, but you are a mother, and you will understand. I had a foolish notion and hope you will forgive me. Every time I think of Charlotte I begin to cry, to think how foolish I was. Hoping you'll say 'yes,' and praying too. Your loving daughter, CLAUDE."

"P. S.—If this is not answered within a week from today, or the answer is 'no,' then this bottle of carbolic acid will be mine and I will be dead. I am crazy, but can't help it."

The girl's mother said that there had been no bitterness on her part, and that she had intended to reply to the letter, but had not received it until early this week.

Claire was taken ill last Monday. On Wednesday Dr. N. N. Forney of Milltown was called and said she must have taken poison. The girl was to have been removed to the South Amboy Hospital yesterday.

At noon her cousin, Miss Josephine B. Mundy, with whom the girl and her father were living at No. 17 Catherine Street, found her dead on the bed, death having been due to arsenic.

At the autopsy, which was held at the County Hospital, it was found that Claire had taken a small yellow stick which County Physician John L. Savanna said may be cyanide of potassium.

MAJOR P. C. TURNER
SUED FOR DIVORCE

Modiste Says Husband Is Living With Unnamed Co-Respondent in Paris Hotel.

Mrs. Pauline Turner, who conducts a chain of millinery shops in this city, today appeared before Justice Martin in a divorce action against her husband, Paul C. Turner, a former major in the army, charging he is living with another woman in Paris. Justice Martin informed that the defendant was not served with the papers but had authorized Emmanuel L. Silverstein, a brother-in-law, to answer for him. Informed he did not think service was regular. He said he would take a memorandum on that point.

Award of \$100 Goes to Domenico Zaccaria and His Wife Vincenza—All the Children Were Born Here and Live Under One Roof, at 419 East 19th Street—Prize Will Buy Shoes for Whole Brood, and There's "Room for One More," Which Will Be Welcome.

The \$100 prize offered by The Evening World to the New York family with the largest number of living children, all born within the limits of Greater New York, has been awarded to Domenico Zaccaria and his wife, Vincenza, who live at No. 419 East 19th Street.

There are sixteen living children, all unmarried, all living at home, all gathered at dinner time around a huge table in the front room, all fed from the little kitchen where Mrs. Zaccaria makes four huge loaves of bread a day for them, or cooks four pounds of spaghetti at once when that is to be the staple of a dinner.

The head of this remarkable family, Domenico, is 47 years old and earns only \$24 a week, working in the storage rooms of a big department store. When he first rented the apartment in 19th Street, he paid \$15 a month for it—eleven years ago. Now the rent is \$40—half of his monthly wages.

There is a little additional income because one of the sons and two of the daughters have jobs. And once in a lifetime the family may receive a windfall—such as the \$100 prize from The Evening World.

Domenico Zaccaria was born in Italy, in the province of Bari, his wife in the province of Potenza. But they did not meet until both were in New York. They were married Aug. 9, 1885, in the church of Our Lady of Loretto in Elizabeth Street, between Houston and Bleecker Streets, and went to live at No. 302 East 11th Street, which was their home until eleven years ago. By that time the family had grown so large that bigger quarters were imperative.

Their first child was Nicolo, now twenty-two years old. The names and ages of the others still living (for three were three years ago) are: Maria, twenty-one; Giuseppe, twenty; Antonetta, seventeen; Rosa, sixteen; Lucia, fifteen; Angelina, thirteen; Giovanna, eleven; Thomas, ten; Jean, nine; Michele, eight; Eleonora, six; Giovanni, five; Vincenzo, four; Rocco, three; and Nunziata, one.

The names of those who died were passed on to those born later. There was Rosa, who would be nineteen if she had lived, and Archangelina, who would be fourteen, and Rocco, who would be five. Rocco was the twin brother of Giovanni.

That makes a total of nineteen children born to the couple, and they "rankly" told an Evening World reporter that "there may be more." Mrs. Zaccaria is only forty-four years old.

"I got along," said Mrs. Zaccaria, happily. "I don't cry, but we do it, and if we get The Evening World prize—just think! It will buy shoes for the whole family—sixteen pairs, which makes things a bit crowded, especially in view of the space that has to be devoted to the dining room table. But the 7 all agree that there is 'room for one more.'"

CHARLES T. DAVIS INSANE.

Allegedly Report Slayer Incurable—Had Many Obsessions.

Charles T. Davis, wealthy manufacturer of surgical dressings at No. 217 Bleecker Street, Brooklyn, who shot and killed Detective Joseph Brizzoni last January today was declared incurably insane by three physicians in a report to Justice Van Sichen in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn.

The doctors were Edwin E. Hicks, No. 1168 Dean Street; James Hamilton Hunt, No. 46 West 25th Street, Brooklyn; and George H. Kirby, of Ward's Island.

Dr. Hicks said Davis, obsessed by fear of germs, said 100 handkerchiefs a week. He thought the police were conspiring to kill him and that the police were pursuing his wife. He begged for a plate glass cell. Dr. Hicks said because the police would put mustard gas on a feather and blow it into his cell.

'ERE IT IS, GENTS, CHICKEN BALLOON, TAKE ONE HOME!

Peddler Cuts It Loose in Court and Is Fined \$2 for His Squawk.

Mack Mason of No. 700 Park Avenue, Brooklyn, was arraigned today in Yorkville Court before Magistrate Sweetzer for peddling at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street.

"What was he selling," asked the Court of Patrolman Clarence Smith, who made the arrest.

"Calls them chicken balloons," replied Clarence, the cop.

"What the chickens are chicken balloons?" queried the Court.

"Show me one."

Mason opened a satchel and took out a dried chicken bladder, blew it up and as the air escaped from a stem, there was a wall like the Dead March from "Saul" on Scotch bagpipes.

"Enough," said the Court, "shut it off. That noise will cost you two dollars."

Mason paid the fine and promised he would put Maxine's leucers on the "Chicken balloons."

FALL IN STOCKS
LED TO SUICIDE

Horace Secor Jr., Despondent, Kills Himself in Riverside Drive Apartment.

Horace Secor Jr., sixty-five years old, a retired lawyer, was found dead this morning in his apartment at No. 240 Riverside Drive, with a bullet wound in his head and a revolver beside him.

His son-in-law, Dr. George E. Herr, of Portland, Me., came to New York yesterday in response to a letter from Mr. Secor.

"I had a talk with him last night," said Dr. Herr. "He was depressed because his railroad stocks had depreciated about 50 per cent. I suggested he ought to go to a sanitarium for a while and he agreed to go on Sunday."

Mr. Secor was a member of the New York Athletic Club, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Mayflower and the Holland-American Societies. His only surviving relative is his daughter, Mrs. Herr.

CASH APPROPRIATED
NO SCHOOL IS BUILT

Comptroller Gives Instance of How Board of Education Retards Construction.

Comptroller Craig gave out this statement today: "A sample of the way the Board of Education has tied up the city with unneeded real estate, and also the way it has delayed the construction of new schools, appears on the Board of Estimate calendar today as item 108. This relates to the plans just submitted by the Board of Education for a new school on the easterly side of Sanford Street, between Willowbury and Dekalb Avenues, Brooklyn, at a cost of \$12,200."

The site for this school was acquired on March 12, 1908, a little more than thirteen years ago, at a cost of \$30,000. The loss of taxes and accumulation of interest upon the city's investment during this period of thirteen years has doubled the cost of this property and kept it from being improved for any useful purpose in the meantime.

"An appropriation for the construction of this school was made in 1920, but not availed of. Now it is requested."

Von Mach's Suit Against Publishers Settled.

When the action brought by Edmund von Mach against the Macmillan Company for \$250,000 damages for failure to publish his book on the war came up for trial today before Justice Ford and a jury counsel for the publishing company told the court that a settlement had been arranged. Outlawed, von Mach refused to reveal the amount.

MAYOR DIGS HOLE AT CITY HALL FOR NEW LIBERTY POLE

Enjoys Work So Much Refuses to Stop at Official Shovelful.

Mayor Hylan left City Hall bareheaded shortly before noon today, walked so rapidly that Lieut. Quinn, his personal bodyguard, could not keep up with him, and vaulted gracefully over the iron fence enclosing the west lawn.

"Where do you want that hole?" he asked a group of loitering laborers, as he took a spade from one of them. A spot was indicated and the Mayor began to dig.

"Just one shovelful will be enough," said a member of the New York Historical Society who stood nearby. "We just want you to break ground."

"But I don't want to stop—I just love this," replied the Mayor. "It brings me back to the farm—to the days when I was a boy."

So the Mayor worked. Instead of the solitary official shovelful the Mayor dug industriously until he had made a real hole. While he dug and perspired a crowd of admirers cheered.

Again vaulting the fence the Mayor started back to City Hall. Suddenly he turned to the laborers who were there to finish the job and called out: "If you boys get tired of digging, just call on me."

One of the famous "Liberty Poles" of Revolutionary days stood 150 years ago on the exact spot of Mayor Hylan's digging operations. A facsimile will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies by the New York Historical Society and the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York Tuesday afternoon, Flag Day, at 4 o'clock.

In the hole in which the flagpole will be planted have been placed official records of the society and the Sons of the Revolution, together with copies of "Valentine's Guide and Manual and current newspapers."

TRYING FOR \$30,000.
GOT BADLY BEATEN

Hartford Bandit Received Surprise of His Life in Payroll Hold-Up.

HARTFORD, June 9.—Accused of a single-handed attempt to rob three armed guards and get away with the \$30,000 payroll of the Hartford Rubber Works, Henry U. Jordan, night watchman at the works, here, attempted to carry out the robbery last night, decided guilty to highway robbery today and was held in \$2,000 bonds.

Jordan's head was swathed in bandages and he moved with some effort in the latter part of the night. Albert M. Condon and his two associates, Frank D. Surgen and Anthony Hayes, had handled Jordan during the hold-up, but none took flight. During the first attempt he grabbed a bunch of pay envelopes and tried to get away, but failed. A shot fired by one of the guards took effect in his leg.

City Drops Brighton Boardwalk Fence Charges.

Charges of disorderly conduct and high-way obstruction against Samuel Gumpertz, Parkway Bath manager, Brighton Beach, and two of his workmen were dismissed in Coney Island Court today at the request of Assistant Corporation Counsel Wilson. The charges were based on the destruction of city signs and the erection of a fence to obstruct traffic and not to the city.

The Realty Associates had started in on the property, but Mr. Wilson said, which would settle the matter without further prosecution of Mr. Gumpertz.

WOMEN MOB COPS IN EAST SIDE RIOT; FISH AND FRUIT FLY

22 Policemen Subdue Amazons Who Strip Pushcarts for Ammunition.

Take it from Patrolman John Waide, a policeman's lot is not a happy one on the east side. He was the central figure in a riot at Livingston and Pitt Streets at 11 o'clock today, which eventually required the participation of 22 policemen and resulted in the arrest of three women.

David Saggie, a teller on the sidewalk on that corner loudly crying that the policeman had struck him. There is a pushcart market along both Livingston and Pitt Streets and the report spread that an Irish policeman was killing a Jew.

Women streamed to the corner from all directions, screaming. They bombarded Waide with fish, boxes of strawberries, pineapples, bananas, slices of watermelon, peaches, apples, oranges and finally coconuts. These missiles were gathered up from the pushcarts over the frantic protests of the struggling proprietors of same.

The row attracted Patrolmen Farley, Knopke and Schilling and they tried to get to the sorely beset Waide. Soon they were covered with fish scales, splashes of ripe fruit and chunks of garbage. As the missile hurlers were 30 per cent. women the policemen couldn't fight back.

A coconut struck Waide on the head and knocked him flat. Patrolman Farley grabbed Rose Wiener, No. 275 East Third Street, as the person who threw the coconut. Knopke and Schilling arrested Lena Reldies, No. 202 Livingston Street, and Sarah Dick, No. 25 Pitt Street, for throwing various pushcart supplies. Gerson Engelheim, a pushcart peddler, grabbed two women whom he accused of throwing his entire stock of strawberries at the cops, but the women pulled his whiskers until he released his hold and they were lost in the crowd.

Waide got to his feet and staggered into the drug store of Feitelson & Gordon on the northwest corner, closing and locking the door after him. The mob surged against the door, broke the glass and actually swept it off its hinges. In the meantime someone had telephoned the Clinton Street station that policemen were being murdered by a mob at Livingston and Pitt.

Lieut. Menachem, a Sergeant and sixteen patrolmen piled into a patrol wagon and hustled to the scene. They had to stop the wagon half a block away and fight their way to the corner and their comrades, who were all but submerged. The crowd scattered when it was learned that the reserves were on the job and the prisoners were taken to Essex Market Police Court.

Many windows were broken by flying coconuts and business in the pushcart market was utterly ruined for the rest of the day.

GIRL SAVES MAN
HURT IN ELEVATOR

Gets Aid While Operator, Crushed, Hangs Head Down on Fifth Floor.

The presence of mind of Miss Anna Benjamin, twenty-three, of No. 1765 Bathgate Avenue, the Bronx, today probably will save the life of Daniel High, twenty-four, of No. 113 East 32d Street. He was caught between the ceiling of the fifth floor and the bottom of the elevator in the loft building, No. 202 East 25th Street, where he was elevator operator.

High hung head downward, his legs crushed against the wall and the bottom of the elevator for ten minutes, while firemen worked frantically to tear away the elevator floor. He was removed to Bellevue Hospital with broken legs and possible internal injuries.

High's screams were heard by Miss Benjamin, who called Bellevue Hospital and the Fire and Police Departments. Within five minutes help had arrived.

SOLDIER ADMITS BIGAMY.

Hahn, Who Served in Four Big War Engagements, Sent to Prison.

Private Will H. Hahn, U. S. Army, stationed at Baritan Arsenal, pleaded guilty to bigamy in the Supreme Court, N. J., court today and was sentenced to from one to ten years in State's Prison.

Hahn appeared in court in uniform and with several war decorations among them ribbons showing Mexican undersea and World War service. The latter ribbons having four stars indicating participation in as many large engagements overseas.

"You ought to have another row of stars for your matrimonial engagements," commented Judge Cleary.

For the man who loves boats the smack that's best is the smack of Ancre Cheese—far better than meat. And the moisture-proof, coated wrapper's a great convenience.

ANCRE

With the Genuine Roquefort Flavor

CHEESE

Made by Sharpless, Phila.

WHITE PLAINS GIRL BECOMES BRIDE OF N. Y. MERCHANT



H. A. Holtorf, Bridegroom, Served in Naval Transport Service in War.

The marriage of Miss Gladys E. Tompkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Tompkins of Tarrytown Road, White Plains, to Henry A. Holtorf, son of Henry F. Holtorf, of No. 132 Summit Avenue, Mount Vernon, was solemnized last night at the Memorial M. E. Church, White Plains. The Rev. Fred H. Deming officiated.

The bride, attired in a gown of white crepe meteor, was attended by her sister, Mrs. Clarence C. Fletcher of White Plains, Paul Schleede of Kingston, N. Y., was the best man. The Misses Edna, Mildred and Lillian Holtorf and Miss Jeanne Woods of Mount Vernon were the bridesmaids.

Mr. Holtorf, a retail merchant in New York City, served in the Naval Transport Service during the war.

WANTED—A WOMAN
WHO WILL SPANK
THIS "WILD" BOY

Mother Says He Needs It, Won't Do It Herself and Calls for Volunteers.

In the Editor of The Evening World: I have a son and he is rather wild at times. I never gave him a good spanking in his life.

I want you to put this in your paper so some woman will send her name and address. I will have my son call at her house and he across her knee and feel the hair-brush. He must be spanked, but I never spanked him. Who wants to spank him? MRS. F. A. SCOTT.

Hoboken, N. J., June 8.

SERVICE FOR 1,525 HEROES

Memory of slain Soldiers to Be Honored in Hoboken Sunday.

Lieut. Menachem, a Sergeant and sixteen patrolmen piled into a patrol wagon and hustled to the scene. They had to stop the wagon half a block away and fight their way to the corner and their comrades, who were all but submerged. The crowd scattered when it was learned that the reserves were on the job and the prisoners were taken to Essex Market Police Court.

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MAYOR'S GUARD BEATS INTRUDER

O'Hara, Brother-in-Law of Hylan, Subdues Alleged Thief by Jujitsu.

Detective Sergt. Irving O'Hara, brother-in-law and bodyguard of Mayor Hylan, had an unexpected caller yesterday afternoon while viewing the Anniversary Day parade in Brooklyn with his three young children from a window of his apartment on the third floor, at No. 1146 Bushwick Avenue.

O'Hara thought he saw the shadow of a man behind him. As he entered a rear room a man jumped at him. At once the two engaged in a struggle, the stranger fighting desperately. O'Hara shouted to his young son to go for a patrolman, in the meantime subduing his man by the application of jujitsu. O'Hara's son returned with two policemen of the Ralph Avenue Station.

The stranger was taken to the station, where he said he was Joseph J. Keller, thirty-five years old, No. 379 Wilson Avenue, Brooklyn. He was charged with burglary. The police say he was released from Blackwell's island about two months ago.

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"STRENGTH and flavor are lost when tea is shipped in bulk. White Rose is packed where grown."
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TELL YOUR NEIGHBOR POLLYANNA IS THE BEST BOW RIBBON FOR BOBBED HAIR
Ties Best Looks Best Holds Best Is Best
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Ribbon Creators, New York, U. S. A.

The June Moth
The Worst Enemy to Your Clothes
One June Moth in an open closet or wardrobe will ruin your best clothes—and there'll be millions of them flying around this month.
Protect Your Clothes Now in
ROW CEDARIZED GARMENT BAGS
Provides absolute safety against Moths, Dust and Dampness. A set of these bags—costing but \$1.50—can save several hundred dollars worth of clothes.
Be Safe, Not Sorry
Go to your neighborhood Druggist—or department store—NOW, for a set of these low priced but sure "clothes protectors."
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